

TALES FROM BIG CITIES

Old Clothes Dealers Get Rich on Treasure Trove

NEW YORK.—To the average person who rushes from his apartment to the subway station each morning the man who stops him to whisper something about "hi-cash" and "el close" is but a lowly dealer in cast-off garments. But in reality the old clothes dealer is a gambler in human nature, who counts his profits not in the difference between the cost and selling price of the garments handled, but his daily find of cash, jewels or valuable papers that are in one of every 12 suits that pass through his hands.



One dealer in second-hand clothes, who covers a territory he has mapped out for himself in the Washington Heights district, estimates that \$5,000 a year is a conservative estimate on the money left in discarded clothing of the average New Yorker. His findings last year, according to his own estimates, totaled \$5,000.

"Of course, I try to restore any jewel that I find in the pocket of a suit I buy," he said. "If I know where the suit comes from I take it back immediately and usually am given a reward."

"But in buying old clothes you must remember that we get many suits in the course of a day; we meet many people and we don't have time to do much examining of pockets if we are going to get over the district we must cover."

"The result is that if I get in at night with half a dozen suits I nearly always find something stuck in some hidden pocket in one of the coats. Sometimes it is a five-dollar bill that the owner tried to hide from his wife and succeeded in hiding from himself. Sometimes it is a piece of small change—too small to warrant a return trip to the owner. But occasionally it is something of value, such as a diamond ring."

"Once I found an engagement ring valued at \$450. I returned it and received \$50 as a reward. On another occasion I found an old jewel that looked as if it was worth about 15 cents. I returned it because it was so old, however, and found it was worth more to its owner than if it had been made of diamonds. He gave me \$50 as a reward."

"In my experience I have found that one suit in 12 has something of value in it. That really is the profit of the business, since the margin of profit in handling old clothes is not enough to make it worth our time unless there were other means of making an income out of it to be found."

Saloons of Hoboken Are Turned Into Libraries

NEW YORK.—Since Uncle Sam took the book out of Hoboken, three of its saloons have been converted into libraries. Three months ago the library-war service took over the three vacated saloons for use as receiving and shipping stations for books bound for the French front. The saloons were stripped of their fixtures and have been the sorting and packing centers from which 100,000 books have started on their journey to the firing line.

Inside the cafes the spigots that once gurgled with glee when spoken to are now speechless, and the beer cases have given way to book cases.

Of all the transformations wrought by the hand of Mars in Hoboken none is more drastic or complete than the supplanting of bottles with books and liquor with learning. In place of stacks of wet goods there are stacks of dry books heaped high before the massive mirrors, and the only signs of beer are beer signs on the walls. There are books in the drawers, books on the shelves, books in the ice boxes—tons of books rising from the floor in immense masses and tapering at the top like pyramids of knowledge.

In the old days, before Uncle Sam picked up Hoboken and left her broken-hearted, these cafes were the gathering places of Germans. The spacious rooms which perhaps rang with cheers at German victory are now flooded with books until sometimes they burst through the front doors and run out upon the sidewalk. Those who unknowingly wander up and down Hoboken's principal street in search of liquid refreshment find only food for thought in the form of that which inspires, but does not inebriate, and stimulates, but does not intoxicate.

William Old-Bear of Oklahoma Stirs Up Chicago

CHICAGO.—There came into West Madison street one William Old-Bear of Cushing, Okla. There lingered about William the quaint fancy of the Wikup, the gentle somnolent zephyr of the endless prairies, the song of the coyote, and the solemn silences of the starlit night.



The crash of traffic appalled him, automobiles zoomed past him like dragons, and the street seemed a rushing, bawling, hopeless bedlam. William Old-Bear turned in at the sign of the dusty larynx and bought himself a man's size snifter, and more of the same.

When he had filled his person with potent mead he stood forth upon the sidewalk at Jefferson and Madison streets and winked a sinful eye. A pedestrian glanced at him and the hundreds who scurry. Perhaps something in the unconscious phiz of the pedestrian recalled an ancient foe. For William Old-Bear drew back his fist and let fly. It caught the pedestrian a prodigious jolt and set him astonished upon the curbstone.

Another pedestrian tripped past. Suddenly he sprawled upon the walk. William Old-Bear dealt him a wallop that came clear from the stone age. Two more pedestrians fell and dropped into the profound sleep of unconsciousness before someone thought to turn in a riot call. Policemen Marshall, Joiner and Gall of the Desplained station came at a gallop.

In the police station he almost tore down the jail. Then it was realized what allied William Old-Bear. He was rushed to the Bridewell hospital, where the reflections of his all-beholding retina came true. There was no Wikup, no somnolent zephyr; but pink buffaloes and blue snakes and turkeys with straw bonnets on frolicked in endless profusion before him. For William Old-Bear has the D. T's.

Airedale Popular With Signal Corps in Chicago

CHICAGO.—The Airedale, a shaggy, and-eyed dog that gained popularity only in recent years, has convinced officers of the Central department, Signal corps, United States army, of its superiority over all breeds as a canine war messenger. While official authorization for use of the Airedale on the battlefields of Europe has not yet been issued by the war department, schools for intensive courses in training have been established and officers say that reports from the various army camps show that the dogs have made remarkable progress.



"The Airedale surpasses all other dogs in point of intelligence, and although peaceful, is also most courageous," said one officer. "Tests have established beyond doubt its superiority over other dogs as a war messenger, particularly those used by the German army."

"The Airedale is a cross from a bull terrier, otter hound and Berkeley terrier. It is a result of years of careful breeding, and its name, it is said, is derived from the Aire valley of England, where it originated."

The dogs now in training were either given to the Signal corps by patriotic citizens or purchased by interested army officers. Scores of them with long pedigrees and valued highly have been given and other officers are coming in daily. Females are in greater demand because of their intelligence. Methods of training are a military secret.

"When the dogs are taken at the age of from ten to eighteen months and properly developed as one-man dogs (for the Airedale is distinctly a one-man dog) no beast can equal them as war dogs," said the officer. "Their color blends perfectly with night shades. The ability of the dogs to slip quietly through barbed-wire entanglements without a scratch is remarkable."

BRITISH CAPITAL ALIVE WITH SPIES

Americans Are Warned to Keep Their Mouths Shut While Staying in London.

GREAT WHISPERING GALLERY

Women Are Particularly Active in Seeking Information From Casual Officers—Still Most Cosmopolitan City in the World.

London.—To young American fighting men, as well as to English, the same advice is good—that it is a wise and patriotic soldier and sailor who keeps his war information to himself; because, despite repeated warnings about the dangerous habit of discussing military and naval matters in public, London restaurants and hotels are still full of chatterers. In the past women have been accused of being possessed of an uncontrollable passion for gossip, but it seems that men are even worse in this respect.

Some idea of the danger of random talk about matters that should be kept confidential and never discussed in public may be gathered from the fact that London is still the most cosmopolitan city in the world. The West end is crowded with male and female adventurers from almost every known country, including Germany, and although every one of them would swear by everything that is holy that they are long and passionately for an allied victory, there is little reason to doubt that some of them are spies, and many undoubtedly are potential spies.

To give an example: Only recently in one of London's biggest hotels there was quite a little cluster of Russian women. They were young and pretty, had attractive manners, and were not hampered by any chaperon. So they soon found admirers in plenty—just what they were after.

Confined Attention to Officers.

Perhaps there would not have been anything very strange about this but for the fact that these young women confined their attention exclusively to officers, soldiers, sailors, and airmen. They invariably turned the cold shoulder upon civilians, but no sooner did a strange officer appear in the lounge than somehow or other they managed to scrape up an acquaintance with him.

Another curious thing about these women was that they rarely spoke to any man for more than 20 minutes or half an hour. Perhaps they would have a cup of coffee with him or smoke a cigarette, but in a few minutes the women made some excuse and went away.

Still more suspicious was the fact that several of these Russian women were seen to be constantly conversing with a young Russian civilian. He also was stopping in the hotel and appeared wherever he was seen with them to be cross-examining the women.

Eventually their behavior attracted attention, and they were watched. The next day they disappeared and have not been seen since.

Women Probably Acted for Spies. Of course, it is just possible that there is an innocent, or, at any rate, plausible explanation of these mysterious women. On the other hand it is regarded as likely that they were in the pay of a spy organization; that their part of the business was to collect information, which they handed over to a master spy, who in his turn sifted and checked the data he received, and then in some way or other transmitted them to Berlin.

Only the other evening two young pilots were dining in a restaurant noted for its foreign clientele. They were talking loudly and, as is the way sometimes with young men, somewhat heedlessly. When, however, a woman, a total stranger to both of them, sitting at the next table leaned over and said: "I wonder if you can tell me where the squadron is stationed now; I have a friend there," the youngsters were shrewd enough to say they did not know and started talking about theaters.

There is, of course, the wise dictum that "those who talk don't know, and those who know don't talk." All the

same it must be remembered that London is one great whispering gallery, and the most casual remark dealing with operations in France or elsewhere may be just the final check wanted by the Germans to verify a vast mass of information obtained from a thousand and one sources.

GREEK KING VISITS ALLIES



King Alexander of Greece is shown here coming out of an Italian bombardment dug-out that he inspected during his recent visit to the allied forces at Saloniki. The youthful Greek king also reviewed one of the British regiments in Greece.

TELLS OF BRUTALITY OF HUN OFFICERS

German Deserter Describes Brutal Treatment Inflicted on Men in Army.

FATHER CRIPPLED FOR LIFE

Crimes Will Darken History of Kaiserism Forever, When People of the World Learn the Whole Story.

Marion, O.—Carl Hadlich, a young German mechanic employed in local shops, one-time aviator in the German army, soldier of fortune and finally an American citizen, not only believes the stories of German brutality that have come from across seas but he thinks when the whole story has been told crimes that will darken the pages of the history of kaiserism forever will come to the people of the world. They will be told not only by victims but by the very soldiers of the kaiser himself, Hadlich thinks.

He is a deserter from the German army because of treatment he could not stand. His father is a life cripple from the indignities even of peace times.

"The German soldier is treated like a dumb animal," says Hadlich. "He must grin and bear it—there is no appeal."

Hadlich's story perhaps is the more interesting because he has traveled enough, seen enough and learned enough outside the confines of Germany to appreciate conditions that exist there.

Father Crippled for Life.

"My father is a living example of the effects of German militarism," he said. "After the war, if he still is living, I expect to have him come to this country to live as God intended people should live. He too can tell stories of how brutal German officers are to the soldiers under them."

"Like all young Germans, he entered military service when he was twenty. One day his company was practicing

LETTER WRITING THE RAGE

Pretty French Stenographer Is Cause of Literary Epidemic Among the Marines.

Somewhere in France.—Letter writing has become all the rage among the wounded United States marines confined to the base hospitals here.

The reason is a French stenographer, a pretty one, too, who has volunteered to write letters home for her incarcerated American brothers.

The petite Parisienne makes a daily visit to the Marine hospitals for dictation—and the wounded devil dogs have suddenly become literary giants. They anxiously await her visits and fairly swamp her with mail.

"Gee, if I only had about three more aunts and six more cousins to write to," sighed one husky sea-soldier, as the pretty little "steno" moved on to the next cot.

USE BURIED COIN FOR BONDS

Mountaineers of Tennessee Dig Up Thousands of Dollars to Invest in Liberty Bonds.

Johnson City, Tenn.—Thousands of dollars in money that had been buried by the mountaineers of east Tennessee was dug up recently and invested in Liberty bonds. Gold and silver currency was lifted from fireplace corners, dug up from under the garden trees and taken from the trunks of hollow oaks. Some of the money paid for the bonds dated back more than half a century. The third loan is the only one in which the mountaineers largely participated.

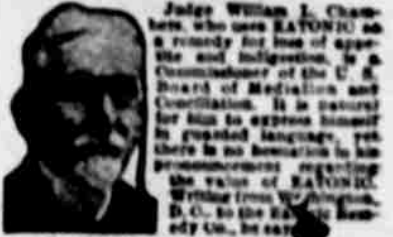
Performs Patriotic Duty.

Hasleton, Pa.—The famous Buck mountain, near here, will do its bit in heating the kaiser. The anthracite coal which fired John Ericson's Monitor when it defeated the Confederate ram Merrimack came from the ground of Buck mountain and now that same ground has been turned over to amateur war gardeners for the growing of potatoes.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE
ASTHMA
There is no "cure" but relief is often brought by—
VICK'S VAPORUB
25¢—50¢—\$1.00

JUDGE DECIDES STOMACH REMEDY A GREAT SUCCESS

Commissioner of Medication and Consultation Board Tries EATON'S, the Wonderful Stomach Remedy, and Endorses It.



"EATON'S promotes appetite and aids digestion. I have used it with beneficial results."

Other workers and others who do much are matters to dyspepsia, heartburn, bad breath, flatulence, poor appetite, loss, and impairment of general health. Are you, yourself, a sufferer? EATON'S will relieve you and as surely as it has benefited Judge Chambers and thousands of others.

Here's the secret. EATON'S drives the gas out of the body—and the liquid that will kill it is guaranteed to bring relief or you get your money back! (Check your card when you get your money back.) (Check your card when you get your money back.) (Check your card when you get your money back.)

The Difference.

"A pessimist likes a thing he can't enjoy, and an optimist enjoys a thing he can't like."

The Strong Withstand the Heat of Summer Better Than the Weak.

and people who are feeble and weaker people who are weak, will be strengthened and enabled to go through the summer heat of summer by taking EATON'S as a natural stomach remedy. It is powerful and quick and the best of all the stomach remedies. You can much feel it strengthening, lengthening, and so on.

ARRANGE FOR SELF-DEFENSE

Scandinavian Countries Find Themselves in Precarious Situation Because of the War.

The recent meeting of the three-kings of the Scandinavian countries, so unexpected and so unusual, was practically a meeting in self-defense, forced on them by the precarious situation in which the war has placed their countries, writes Maurice Francis Egan in the Yale Review. Sweden had prided herself on her militarism copied from the German system. Norway relied on its coast line, its shipping, its fisheries and the firm belief that it was practically independent of the world, with an assured future made by its own brains and its natural resources. Denmark, never free from the fear of the German Cossacks, believed that England and Russia might save her from extinction at the crucial moment; and the preponderance of American opinion at the various Hague conferences made her hope that the moral force of our opinion might prevent her national extinction. These hopes are gone. Denmark fed England, she exported certain products to Germany, she had made herself the foremost scientific agricultural nation of the world, she was the freest, she was working out the ideals of her national life without desiring to acquire territory or to infringe on the rights of others; but the moment the United States entered the war she and the other Scandinavian nations gave up hope of any protection or help, and they have now determined to band together in an industrial, economic union. The world has deserted them and they have determined to do their best to become independent of the world.

Life is made up of "chores."

Put Into Practice

Conservation means the use of foods requiring less sugar, less fuel, and the minimum of wheat.

Grape-Nuts

requires NO SUGAR. NO FUEL. It's milk or cream or any other cereal, and is part BAKED. It's a concentrated, nourishing, economical and delicious food. TRY IT!

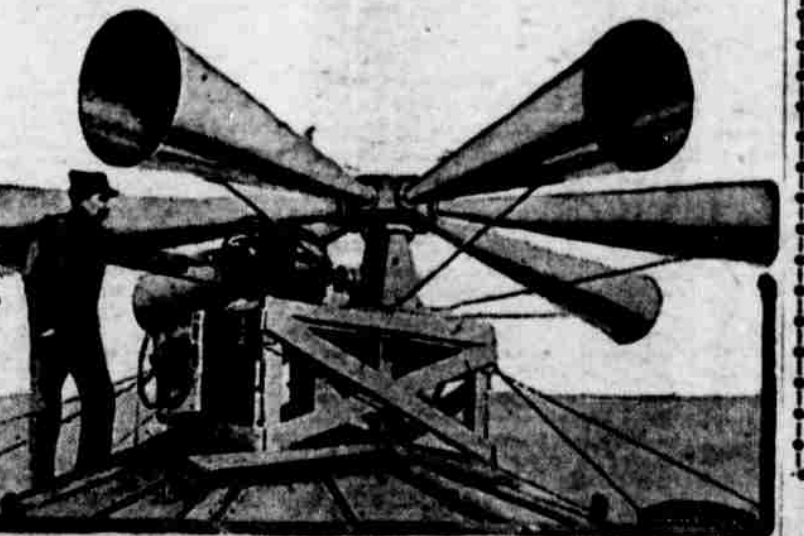
HELLO GIRL'S ANSWER TO KAISER IS LIBERTY BONDS

Cleveland, O.—Miss Margaret Hibbard, a telephone operator here who has not been over from England long, lost her brother, Lieut. E. J. Hibbard, in action in France. Her answer was a Liberty bond purchased from her small salary. Then she heard that her younger brother had also given his life in the battle of Picardy plain. "I went right out and bought another Liberty bond," she said. "That's my answer to the kaiser."

Athletic Stars Enlist.

Washington.—Scores of former athletic stars are enlisting for service with the Y. M. C. A. to instruct and help the American soldier overseas to keep himself physically fit to fight.

GIGANTIC SIREN OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS



This siren placed on the tower of Notre Dame is one of the 20 fixed sirens that are being installed all over Paris to warn the people of air raids or the approach of the shells from the long-range German gun. The sound from each of these sirens will carry a distance of 1,000 meters.